

Cohen, Caroline (Myers).
Records of the Myers, Hays, and
Mordecai families from 1707-1913.

Myers - Hays - Mordecai
Families
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	12402¾	40	12452¼ Quadrille	72	
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R E C O R D S
of the
MYERS, HAYS and MORDECAI
FAMILIES
From 1707 to 1913

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By

CAROLINE COHEN

Washington Published for the Family *1913?*

Cage

CS 71

1798

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FOREWORD.

Until the tracing of Ancestors came into fashion, with the Societies of Colonial Dames, and Daughters of the American Revolution, very scant attention was paid to the subject in this country. Some family letters, a few documents, and my own recollections of talks with the older members of the family, have furnished the data for the following pages.

The letters of my Mother, Mrs. Eliza Kennon Myers, née, Mordecai, are especially admirable, and selections from them may be appended to this volume, as well as some from other members of the family, that will contribute a more vital interest to the narrative.

At this date there remain of the families of Myers, Hays, and Mordecai, including the writer, only five persons professing the Jewish faith; and as within a few years these five will have passed away, and with them, all understanding of the family conditions in the four preceding generations, it is well that this chronicle should be preserved.

PART FIRST.

The year 1707 is the earliest date recorded in the three families with whom the following chronicle concerns itself. It is that of the birth of Moses Mordecai, of Born, Germany. The year 1720 begins the record of the Hays family, in this country, and 1723 that of the Myers family, when Myer Myers, of New York, was born-- of his father's record only the name, Solomon, has been preserved.

In 1723 Myer Myers was born. His first wife was Elka-leh Cohen, and they had three sons and two daughters. The second wife was Joyce Mears, and they had four sons and three daughters--in all, twelve children, born between 1753 and 1778.

During the Revolutionary War Mr. Myers was living with his family in the city of New York, and was obliged to fly with them from the British, who were investing the place, in 1776. They went to Norwalk, Conn., reaching that town with much difficulty in wagons, over rough roads; and there was born in April, 1776, my mother's mother, Rebecca, afterwards Mrs. Mordecai, who was my authority for this small incident. They fled from Norwalk a little later, but remained in Connecticut until the war ended, when they returned to New York, where Mr. Myers plied his business of silversmith and designer for a good many years. He died in 1795, aged 72.

During Colonial times,, and perhaps later, the business of a silversmith was one of importance in the business world, as people were apt to invest in silver rather than in stocks and bonds, owing to the unsettled condition of the money market; and clever designers of silver held somewhat the position of bankers at the present day. Paul Revere, of the famous "ride," was also a designer of silver utensils of the same date, and both names may be found stamped on some of the finest specimens. My grandmother Rebecca



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was tenderly devoted to her father. He was survived for many years by his widow, Joyce Mears Myers, who died in Richmond in the year 1824, at the home of her son, Moses mears Myers. Of their large family of children two of their sons died unmarried when quite old, but the other three, and the three daughters, married and left issue. The names of these sons were Samuel Myers, Moses Mears Myers, and Samson Myers. The daughters were Richea, Judith and Rebecca.

Samuel Myers, my grandfather, and his sister Judith were devoted comrades, and his letters to her written from Holland, where he lived for some time when a young man, show the tenderest feeling. It is well to remember this, as in later life his cold and dignified demeanor created an impression of severity which has become a tradition amongst his descendants. In appearance he was handsome, blue-eyed and fair, and very refined and elegant-looking, judging from his miniatures and his portrait by Gilbert Stuart, which show him both in youth and age.

After his return from Holland he married Miss Sarah Judah, the intimate friend of his sister Judith, of whom the initial "S" on some of the family silver is the only record preserved. This lady died in 1795, childless, within a year or so of her marriage; and later, on September 21, 1796, he married Judith Hays, of Boston. On the same day his brother, Moses M. Myers, married Sally Hays, the sister of Judith, and the two couples settled in Richmond, Virginia.

Samson died in 1803, at the age of thirty-one leaving one son, Joseph (Captain Joseph Myers, U. S. N., and later of the C. S. N.).

Richea married Mr. Joseph Marx, of Bremen, who had settled in business in Richmond, a wealthy and cultured gentleman, who lived in very elegant style in a beautiful house built by him at the corner of Cary and Fifth Streets, later owned by Mr. Freeland, and now unfortunately replaced

by a row of tenements. There were several sons, all of whom died childless; and five of the six daughters embraced Christianity. Their descendants are many, and among them are some of the Mayos, of Richmond; the Bartons, of Winchester, Va.; the Baldwins, of Staunton, Va.; the Myers of Norfolk, Va.; the Eittings, of Philadelphia; the Gracies of New York; the Richards of New York, and Hobarts, of Elizabeth, N. J.

Myer Myers' daughter, Judith, a very interesting and gifted woman, married Jacob Mordecai, of Philadelphia, in 1784. They settled in Warrenton, N. C., where she died when only thirty-four years old, leaving six young children. After a few years her sister Rebecca married the widower, and became the mother of a large family, who will be treated of in the Mordecai record.

PART SECOND.

In 1720 several brothers of the name of Hays came to this country from The Hague, one of whom was Isaac Hays, father of Samuel Hays, a noted citizen of Philadelphia; and the other, Judah, was the father of the first Hays of our more immediate line. There is now, 1912, in my possession, a will made in New York in the year 1763, signed by Judah Hays, of The Hague, who died in 1764, which seems to show him to have been an irascible man, leaving his eldest son a small sum in trust and the forgiveness of a debt because of unsatisfactory conduct, and cuts off a daughter with a shilling because he disapproved of her marriage. The prodigal son, Michael, died unmarried; and his brother, Moses Michael Hays, born in 1738, was a very different character from both brother and father. He was a man of genial nature and fine intellect, admired and respected by the communities of Newport and Boston, where he lived, and adored by his family. The testimony of the few letters extant written by him to his daughters and sons

and to his grandchildren, among whom was my father, are a valuable possession. I believe that the notes appended to this sketch are, in the main, correct, so I will confine myself to such details as do not appear therein.

The portrait of my great-grandfather, Moses Michael Hays, which must have been painted late in the eighteenth century, shows an open and very agreeable countenance. That of his wife, Rachel Hays, has small features and much refinement and dignity. He wears a ruffled shirt and queue, and she an enormous cap, with the hair smoothed plainly below it, which was calculated to enhance any natural severity of expression. Neither portrait shows, I think, any pronounced Jewish cast of feature, nor does that of their very handsome and interesting son, Judah, by Gilbert Stuart, though there is no record of any Christian intermarriage in the Hays family; but in their daughter Catherine, who was living during my childhood, the Jewish type was distinctly marked. The Hays family lived for some years at Newport, R. I., where all but the two eldest children were born, and then removed to Boston, where they enjoyed the best society of the day, as they seem always to have done, and as was invariably the case in the Myers and Marx and Mordecai families. In spite of the difference in faith, they were the intimate friends of the Reverend Samuel May, of Boston, and his son, and other distinguished clergies and Unitarians; and later, after the death of the parents, the single daughters, Catherine and Slowey, removed to Richmond, Va., where their married sisters, Judith and Sally, Mrs. Samuel Myers and Mrs. Moses M. Myers, were settled. They were constantly visited by such Boston friends as the Mays, Howards, Cranches, etc., and the strangers introduced by them, so the Boston family traditions were kept up for several generations and highly valued.

Moses Michael Hays was, as I have said, adored by his children. His only son, Judah, preserved two letters from his father, one of which was found in his pocketbook after

his death and had evidently accompanied him for more than thirty years. It was written to the young man on his first trip abroad, and the man of sixty, twenty-four years after his father's death, was still keeping it where he might constantly refer to it when he embarked on that long and lonely journey into the unknown. Judah Hays was drowned at St. Augustine in the summer of 1832. The letter reads as follows:

"Dear Judah:

You are now going into the world, and at a great distance from your own country and connexions. It will therefore be incumbent upon you to be very careful and attentive to guard and keep from any reflection on your integrity and the principles of rectitude and honour which I know are fully imbibed in you. Take care of

all your letters of introduction and deliver them yourself. Be very attentive, and make yourself as serviceable as possible to Mrs. Acher and Mr. Larrajay. Make yourself perfect master of the French language and the commerce of France; make your friendships and connections with none but persons of honour and reputations. Take care what company you go into; be very careful indeed; you will find traps, snares and allurements momentarily; avoid them, avoid them as you would inevitable destruction. Herewith I give you forty Louis d'or, and you have your valuable friend, Mr. Jones's^x bill for twenty more. These two sums I would always have you keep in reserve for any unforeseen occasion that may possibly happen. What monies you want for your expenses, which I desire you may manage with economy, you must obtain on the strength of your letter of credit from Mr. Acher, Mr. Larrajay, Mr. Narai, Champion and Dickerson, or any other of the persons you are recommended to. Make Mr. Acher acquainted with everything that concerns his business, as far as he is willing to trust you to be communicative. Write to all your friends every opportunity, and never neglect writing to Mr. Jones. Make an apology

Mr. J. Coffin Jones of Boston.

to Messrs Dalls and Larrajay; I wish them to receive the letter in company that I wrote to Mr. Larrajay himself, which ought to have been written to them both. It would be best for you on your arrival at St. Sebastian to proceed on immediately to Bayonne, with Prillio or whomsoever Captain Birrell dispatches to inform Mr. Acher of his arrival; but don't you proceed alone. I wish health and happiness and every blessing you can enjoy in this life, and am, with regard,

Your affectionate father,

M. M. HAYS."

The Boston Gazette of Monday, the 13th of May, 1805, says in part, of Moses Michael Hays, that "he was blessed by nature of a strong intellect; there was a vigor in his conceptions of men and things that gave a seeming asperity to his conversation, which was frank and lucid. He walked abroad fearing no man, but loving all. Under his roof dwelt hospitality; it was an asylum for friendship, the mansion of peace. He was without guile; detesting hypocrisy as he despised meanness. * * * To his last moment the cheerfulness and benevolence of his whole life wasted not. * * * Calm, and without a sigh, he sunk to rest."

Home life in Boston, judging by the characteristics thus revealed, and by the mention in the biography of the Reverend Samuel May, and also by what I have been told of my grandmother, Mrs. Judith Hays Myers, and her sister, Mrs. Sally Myers, must have been, with certain exceptions, very agreeable. There was one great sorrow, the death in August, 1802, at the age of thirty-three, of Rebecca Hays, the eldest daughter, whose love affair with her cousin, Judah Toure, disapproved of by her father and home circle, caused, no doubt, much painful friction. Her two unmarried sisters, Catherine and Sally, were for some reason, unknown to me, violently opposed to the match. Slowey Hays, a very witty and brilliant woman, greatly admired in Boston society, and later in Richmond, led her weaker sister

Catherine in everything; and after the death of their father, in 1805, they gave great trouble to their brother Judah in the settlement of the estate, influencing their mother to think and act with them. I have never known the reason for their removal after ^{their} mother's death, a few years after their removal, to Richmond, Va., and I fancy that their two married sisters there must, with their husbands, have dreaded their advent. Judah Hays remained in Boston, refusing to live with any of his sisters, though very fond of the two Mrs. Myers in Richmond. His correspondence with his brother-in-law Samuel Myers, will show the sincerity of their affection.

Moses Michael Hays writes as follows to his daughter Sally soon after her marriage:

"Boston, April 24, 1797.

My dear Sally:

It is no small addition to my happiness to know and learn your welfare in this life; and it is very grateful to my feelings that you are both happy in each other. May your days be many, bery many, indeed, with uninterrupted health and every blessing that Heaven can bestow on you, to which will ever be added my unbounded love. By Captain Greene, of the Schooner H e n r y, you will receive a little present from me; eight sitting chairs, two lolling chairs, a pair of card tables, and a handsome sideboard, with one dozen tablespoons and one soup ladle; it is very awkward, Sally, my Dear, to write letters but where the transaction of business compels me, therefore, accept of this scrawl, when it assures you of my best affectionst o yourself and Moses and my regards to all around you. Your Mama and family are all well, and write you under this date. I am,

Sincerely,

M. M. HAYS."

The furniture and silver referred to above are still in the possession of the family, with many other "little presents"

of the same kind, from the same source, in fine mahogany and curled maple, and Paul Revere silver.

Seven years later, December, 1804, Mr. Hays writes to his other married daughter, Judith, and her husband, Samuel Myers, of Richmond? The handwriting is greatly changed, and is witness to the suffering of which he spoke. He died about two years after this date, a martyr to gout and its attendant evils:

"MR. SAMUEL MYERS AND HIS GOOD CONSORT:

I will not recount to you the afflictions I have suffered since you left us, because I refrain from intruding on or disturbing one moment of your happiness and tranquility. I feel the eve of my days, and truly feel the severity of the interruptions of my health, yet with all the pain I bear I adore my Maker and am gratefully thankful to the Almighty that it is not more so, and that my intervals of health so much repay what I suffer. I am just emerging from a chambered confinement of seven weeks, and this I trust you will receive safe arrived at your own mansion, enjoying, with your little brood, best health and every other felicity and happiness susceptible in this life. The family are all well, which I presume they confirm to you themselves by writing. Your mother is as well as usual, and much as when you took your departure. Give me a line presently, with every information respecting your dear little ones. Embrace afftly. our dear Sally, her husband and little ones for me, keeping to yourselves a full share. I am,

Affectionately and sincerely your tender friend and father,

M. M. HAYS.

S. H. M. MY DEAR SAMMY:

How much I was rejoiced and gratified in the happiness in embracing you, my Dear Boy, is not to be expressed,-- and how much I was disappointed in your not tarrying with us was equally not to be expressed, for I had promised myself the satisfaction of having

an eye on you and my wings covering your infact years in safety to the end of my days, leaving it in your power to reflect that your affectionate grandpapa had a share in the instruction and mode of your education, and improving your mind, and pointing out to you the best road for your future welfare. This happiness may still be yet to come--therefore we will sing: 'It is von cautchee colla commarautche, it is von cautchee colla.'

G. A. M.--

Gustavus, my dear invaluable boy, I wish I could express how much and how tenderly I love you, Gussie. Gussie, you ought to have staid with your grandpapa--Remember you have promised to come and see me again. Always be faithful to your promise, my sweet Boy. So you have been so much indisposed at New York. Oh, how I rejoiced to hear you had regained your health. It would have been an irreparable affliction to me to have lost you. Thanks and prayers to the Almighty for your recovery. And now let me sing: 'The goose and the gander flew over the green, & fell in the river and never were seen, and a jolly red rose I-o-o-o, & a jolly red rose I-o.'

R. H. M.--

MY DEAR SWEET DARLING REBECCA: When shall I see you again, my dear prattler, when shall I take you in my arms and embrace you. May the Almighty preserve you for many, & many years, to the best of old age, crowned with uninterrupted health, happiness and felicity, and may the Almighty endow you with equal goodness, love and affection of the dear woman that gave you birth. And so, my dear Beccy, you must partake of the indisposition of New York. Blessed be God that you are restored, and let us sing: 'Diddle, diddle, diddle.' "

NOTES FROM BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, 1912.

Note 2476. The Hays Family of Boston. Moses Michael Hays, a pioneer broker of Boston, died May 9, 1805. Just

when he appeared in Boston I know not, but he was among that group of men in 1783 who amid the financial disasters of the day following the American Revolution saw great possibilities in not only restoring the new nation to thrift and prosperity, but for themselves gathering a good share of wealth. This group of men established a bank in Boston. The names of these men were William Phillips, Isaac Smith, Jonathan Mason, Thomas Russell, John Lowell, Stephen Higginson, Edward Payson, John Hurd, and Moses Michael Hays. The last named at this date could not have been long a resident of the town, but was known sufficiently to be honored with the comradeship of this notable group of Bostonians. In 1791 the town treasurer appears before the selectmen and offers as his security Moses Michael Hays, broker; William Tudor, Esq., Samuel Clapp, auctioneer, and James White, stationer. These names show the business associates of Mr. Hays. He, was well known as a Hebrew, who was firm in all his convictions and exemplary in all his dealings, and he was in spite of the proverbial barrier, one with them in all which made Boston prosperous, and its homes full of kindness and neighborliness.

Mr. Hays was a most honored member of the Ancient and Accepted Order of Masons. The late Mr. Lorenzo D. Nickerson gave words of fitting tribute to Mr. Hays, as a Mason and as a man among men. He held honorable positions in this fraternity, and maintained this position with credit and integrity. And when he passed away in 1805, the press of Boston voiced the general sentiments of high regard. He was one of the shareholders of the Boston Theatre from its founding and was one of the group who sought to make use of the stage for the forwarding of all which is good and true. His son, Judah Hays, inherited not only his share of the paternal realty, but much of the business ability. We find him among the founders of the Boston Athenaeum. Judah Hays died unmarried in Florida May

1, 1832. The two elder daughters of Mr. Hays married Myers brothers of Richmond, Va., and thither removed, and descendants reside there to-day. Perhaps some reader of these notes may be able to make reply to this suggestion. The two daughters, Slowey and Catherine, removed also to Richmond. There were in Richmond several Jewish families, and religious services were maintained. Catherine passed away in January, 1854, and, transition says, the same day of which her cousin Judah Touro died. Judah Touro in his will, made January, 1854, gave his cousin Catherine Hays the sum of five thousand dollars. She was then seventy-seven years of age, and he was two years her senior. As Judah Touro never returned to Boston after his going away in 1902, and never after 1822 rode in a public or private conveyance, the probabilities are that Judah and Catherine never met after their early separation.

Sally and Judith Hays were married on the same day, September 21, 1796, to Moses M. and Samuel Myers, half-brothers, from New York, who had settled in Richmond. Sally, a charming, pretty, amiable and lively woman, greatly beloved by her family, had three daughters, Catherine, Harriet and Julia; and the sisters, Catherine and Slowey, when they removed to Richmond, made their homes with them. My grandmother, Judith, was small, dark, pretty and pleasing, and idolized by her children. She died in 1844, having been blind for a few years before her death. She had six children, Samuel Hays Myers, Henry Myers, Gustavus A. Myers, Rebecca Hays Myers, Rachel Hays Myers and Ella Myers. The two families lived near each other, and the sisters and the children mingled in constant intercourse; but the two spinster aunts were jealous of the Samuel Myers household, and bestowed all their interest on the family of the sister with whom they lived. Their father, Moses Michael Hays, had left an ample fortune, and it was properly administered by his son Judah; but Moses M. Myers,

by unfortunate investments, lost the greater part of his own and his wife's property, and after his wife's death in 1832 was obliged to give up his handsome house and beautiful garden (now the site of the Richmond Howitzer Armory), and live very economically. When Miss. Slowey Hays died her sister Catherine moved into her own house, next door to the Monumental Church, where, with failing mind, she lived, cared for by her Boston housekeeper, Miss Excey Gill, and some valuable negro servants, the Forresters, and in turn, by her nieces, Catherine, Harriet and Julia, who spent some weary years in this way. These most lovable sisters were reduced to keeping a school for boys and girls, and their father obtained a position as cashier in a bank. This went on until the death of their aunt Catherine Hays, January, 1854, when they inherited what was then a large fortune of about one hundred thousand dollars, by her will made by her sister Slowey, and enjoined upon her so as to exclude as far as possible the children of her sister Judith, of whom they were jealous, and whose husband they intensely disliked. Fortunately the family thus disregarded, had ample means. My grandfather, Mr. Samuel Myers, had died in 1836, leaving his children well provided for, and his son Gustavus had already made an independent fortune. Dr. Henry Myers had died in 1845, and my father in 1849. The three daughters, one of whom, Rachel, had married many years before this, were in more than comfortable circumstances. Thus the Hays' fortune, though unjustly willed, was bestowed upon the people who needed it sorely at the time, and whose faithful care, during so many years, of the weak-minded aunt, deserved recompense. Finally, in 1883, when Julia Myers, the last survivor, followed her sisters, Catherine and Harriet, it was found that her will had made an equal distribution, among all the Myers branches.

Miss Excey Gill (probably Achsah), I think, deserves mention in this Memoir of the family she served for so

many years. She was a New England woman, who had been employed in the Hays family in Boston, and who followed the fortunes of Miss Catherine and Miss Slowey when they removed to Richmond, after their mother's death. Miss Excey must have been a young woman when she left her native land. She outlived Miss Catherine Hays several years. As I remember her she might have been any age from fifty to seventy, very tall, very spare and sallow, and with an utter disregard of feminine vanities, she suggested such a personality as Miss Sally Brass, of famous memory. She wore a short black gown, cut low enough in the neck to display her large collar bones, with sleeves always rolled up above the elbow, showing her gaunt sinewy arms; a man's broad brimmed straw hat, set down well over her rough grizzled locks, completed her costume. She must have had a little money, for she bought, in spite of Boston prejudices, a beautiful mulatto woman, Narcissa, who married Richard Forrester, a splendidly handsome mulatto, belonging to the Misses Hays,-- who had also overcome their abolition principles to that extent,--and this couple were the parents of a large family, still well known in Richmond, as caterers, public waiters, and in various capacities.

Although Miss Excey did not object to owning slaves, she treated them on an absolute equality with herself, and after the death of Miss Catherine Hays, she built herself a house, and took these Forresters to live with her, more like young relatives than servants. She was devoted to gardening, and her conservatories, on French Garden Hill, towards the end of Seventh Street, were famous in Richmond. She was accidentally burned to death, leaving her home and some other property to the Forresters.

Richard Forrester, and his brothers, were the devoted servitors of my dear cousins, the Misses A., H. and J. Myers, to their death, and were always treated with most affectionate interest and kindness.

The house in which my grandfather, Mr. Samuel Myers, established his family a few years after his marriage was built by himself on the lot now occupied by the Memorial Hospital, corner of Broad and Governor Streets, in Richmond, Va. It was a large, square, brick house, with lofty back piazzas, high ceilings and wide halls, and stood in a garden which occupied three-fourths of the square. It possessed many fruit trees and shrubs and flowers and grapevines and a pleasant arbor, and an office for the young gentlemen's occupation when they wished. The drawing-room and dining-room were very spacious, opening into each other with folding-doors. The mantelpieces were of gray marble, with graceful fluted columns and delicately carved woodwork, painted white, reaching nearly to the ceiling. (One of them is still in the possession of the family, at 515 West Franklin Street.) There were arched, recessed, bookshelves on either side of the fireplace in the drawing-room, and on the walls hung a pair of the old-fashioned round convex steel mirrors, called girandoles, now owned by Mrs. Julius Morris. After the death of my grandfather the house was rented for several years to Judge William Crump, who later bought it, altered and enlarged it, and occupied it with his large family until his death, many years after. Part of the garden was sold, and occupied by a lumber yard, and several houses on Broad Street, among which was that of Captain Joseph Myers, and on Governor Street Mr. Gustavus A. Myers built his house and law office. My Aunt Rebecca Myers grieved over the giving up of the old house, but she could not afford to keep it alone, and her brother-in-law, Captain Joseph Myers, preferred his own house, so she yielded.

Now to return to the Hays family: I do not know why my great-uncle, Judah Hays, should have always possessed a sort of romantic interest for me. His boyish picture, taken at sixteen, with powdered hair, a pendant to my hand-

some brunetter grandmother Judith's portrait, in blue square-neck gown and lace, and high coiffure, is very charming, with its delicate and refined features; and the Gilbert Stuart portrait, taken many years later, with auburn hair and fresh complexion, impresses one with its intellect and beauty. The letters written him by his brother-in-law, my grandfather, Mr. Samuel Myers, through many years, show much confidence in his judgment, and much affectionate interest and admiration, and the family traditions have always emphasized the regard in which all the family held him; even the two sisters who troubled and vexed him loved him warmly. But aside from all this, I have conjured up the suspicion of an unfortunate love affair. He was a man of much culture, and had traveled extensively. Many of the "objects of art" preserved in our family were collected by him in Italy. He was drowned at St. Augustine in the summer of 1832, while bathing. My father, Samuel Hays Myers, had seen much of his Uncle Judah while at Harvard, and loved him sincerely.

Young as I was when my father, Samuel Hays Myers, died in 1849--he was fifty-one and I not quite five--I can remember him, dark, very handsome, with deep blue eyes. I was the only little girl in the Myers family in that generation and was greatly petted. I can remember his merry games with me. From others I knew that he was a thoroughly manly man, highly intellectual, a beautiful reader, especially of Byron's poems, then in vogue, and a favorite in cultivated society, but not successful in either law or business. His brother Henry, a physician, also highly cultivated and poetical and of an exquisitely sensitive nature, died unmarried when thirty-nine; and the youngest brother, Gustavus, a man of the world, a fine lawyer and patron of the arts, very witty and charming, an ornament to Richmond society and to the bar, and greatly beloved, died in 1869, having one child, William Barksdale Myers, an

artist, who died in 1873, when thirty-four years old, a few years after his father. He is still survived by his lovely widow, née Mattie Paul, and his two daughters, Lelia Augusta Morgan of Brooklyn, and Adela Pegram O'Neill of Boston. The wife of Gustavus A. Myers was Mrs. Anne Augusta Conway, a widowed daughter of Governor Giles.

Of my father's three sisters, the eldest, Rebecca Hays Myers, was the delight of the family for three generations. In her youth she had been very beautiful, with an exquisite complexion and light-brown curls, and when I first remember her in her middle age, she was still very handsome. Her eyes were dark gray and expressive, her teeth flawless pearls, her laugh delightfully contagious. She was of middle height, erect without stiffness, and well-rounded; but her beauty was lost sight of in her sparkling wit, and in her wonderful charm. She was full of enthusiastic interest in all things, poetry, art, literature, religion. Her temper was perfect; her heart warm, her nature sunny, but so deep and tender that she was capable of much suffering. She loved children, and was equally loved by them, and I believe she enjoyed the playing of games as much as her brother's children and grandchildren and others, whose chief delight was to pay visits to Aunt "Bec," and the walks, and readings, and twilight talks and stories, will never be forgotten by them. Only one of the three sisters married. She and her husband, Captain Joseph Myers, were cousins; he a son of Samson Myers, who had died while still a young man, had been left an orphan when about two years old, and had been brought up by his uncle, Moses M. Myers, almost as his own son, and was loved like a brother by his cousin, Catherine, Harriet and Julia, the elder of whom was about his age. He entered the United States Navy at thirteen years of age, and in due course of time was promoted to the rank of Commander. In his youth he had an unfortunate love affair--his beautiful and charming

fiancée, Sarah Ann Ward, of Petersburg, Va., dying of typhoid fever when only seventeen years old. Her lover's heart was almost broken, and his life irretrievably saddened, although in later years he tenderly loved his cousin Rachel Hays Myers, much younger than himself, to whom he was married in 1838. Several years before this his health had been shattered by an African cruise, which infected him with an incurable disease. He lived until March, 1862, having been partially paralyzed for thirty years, but with intellect undimmed and mental energy unabated. He had been a singularly active young sailor, full of mischief, loving to tease his cousins, all of whom adored him and were his willing slaves. Now year by year he grew more helpless, and was obliged to lean on his bride's arm during the wedding ceremony, and his days were spent on a sofa in his little library in the house he built after his marriage, opposite the Monumental Church, on Broad Street, in Richmond, Va.; His sweet wife, Rachel, and her sisters Rebecca and Ella, who lived with them, took care to be always within sound of his whistle, for trained nurses were unknown at that period, and he objected to the ministrations of domestics when he could avoid them. He read a great deal and kept himself informed fully on the questions of the day, taking a fiery interest in politics, so that when the war between the States began, the year before his death, he resigned from the United States Navy, in which he was a retired officer, and entered the Confederate Navy. His wife, my dear aunt Rachel, never tired of her labor of love. In his house everything was ordered according to his wishes, handsome entertainments were given and generous hospitality exercised; children were encouraged, for he loved them, and one of his greatest enjoyments was to provide pleasures for them. He would preside at his dinner parties and receptions in his wheel chair, dressed in his uniform, a striking figure, though so shrunken, with his dark-brown, deep-set, patient eyes, and his snowy hair and beard. His suffer-

ings during those twenty-two years or more were excruciating, for there were sharp pains every few moments in those helpless limbs, and occasionally he was forced to keep his bed, but as a rule he was carefully dressed and went to all his meals in his wheel chair, which would be rolled into a sort of lift he had designed, on his upper back porch. He also took many trips in summer to the Virginia Springs, his three womenkind and sometimes his cousin Harriet Myers, who wrote a fine hand and was often his amanuensis, accompanying him, with a man and a maid and an immense quantity of baggage, and he would be lifted from train to train or stage coach. I was born in his house during a visit to him by my mother and father,, and was his pet and darling from that time forth until his death, when I was seventeen. His devoted wife never recovered from the desolation caused by his death; Her "occupation was gone"-- she could not rouse herself to resist disease, and died of pneumonia in July, 1862, a few months after her husband, leaving her twin sister, Ella, and the elder one, Rebecca, all in all to each other, for fifteen years. They had passed through the anxieties and sorrows of the war when blindness began to affect my dear Aunt Rebecca, but her death from a fall mercifully spared her that great calamity. Though overwhelmed by the blow, the surviving sister, Ella, contrary to all expectations recovered in the course of time from the anguish and horror of her sister's sudden death, and lived many years, surrounded by the loving care of many friends, and most especially of her heart's best-beloved, her nephew, Edmund T. D. Myers, my brother, of whom I will speak later.

The three sisters, Catherine, Harriet and Julia Myers, all of whom had passed away before their cousin Ella, were the delight of my childhood, and the beloved of my maturity. This feeling was shared by many; never was there such a genial household! After the nightmare of their poor

Aunt Catherine's care was removed by her death, and when they found themselves possessed of means to live without anxiety, their every thought seemed to be how to make each other and everybody else happy. My cousin, Catherine Myers, had a fine mind ~~and~~ a beautiful nature; her patience and cheerfulness during the years of her blindness (for the calamity her cousin Rebecca had avoided fell upon her) made it seem to us all that she did not feel it, and yet I knew there was many a weary hour without her former intellectual occupations. Her sisters read to her a great deal; Julia, who was an excellent musician and had sung delightfully, played for her and with her, for they could play simple duets; and she used to knit a little, and even sew; but there were many unoccupied hours, always borne with sweet serenity. Harriet was not so remarkably gifted as her sisters, but was charming and the embodiment of fun and jollity and innocent delight in the ordinary pleasures of life. The three sisters formed such a unit that their names were inseparable among their friends. Catherine died eight years before Harriet and Julia, but the two were happy in each other until the last fatal parting came, and then Julia, the survivor, though making a most touching effort, was unable to bear her loneliness, and died in less than a year of a broken heart.

Edmund Trowbridge Dana Myers was the son of Samuel Hays Myers and Eliza Kennon Myers, nee Mordocai.

I have heard my dear mother say that when her son Edmund was a little child her constant prayer for him was that he might grow up to be a useful man. Never was aspiration more amply fulfilled as the clippings from the newspapers at the time of his death in 1905, may testify; useful to his family, to his friends, to his profession, and to his native city and State. Sturdy honesty, exalted morality, noble pride, and reverent humility, the deepest and tenderest affection, and stern regard for duty, each were the

elements in my brother's character. As his son Edmund once said to me, the XV Psalm might have been written for him:

"Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle?
 Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?
 He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness,
 And speaketh the truth in his heart,
 He that backbiteth not with his tongue,
 Nor doeth evil to his neighbor.
 He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changing not."

His ability as a civil engineer was great. He began his career at the age of seventeen, and was from this time indefatigable in his profession. At the beginning of the war, of 1861 to 1865, he was living with his wife and two young children in Georgetown, D. C., working under General Meigs on the Aqueduct. He entered the Confederate Army Engineer Corps, with title of Major, and served throughout the four years of the war and later was president of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac R. R. till his death. His wit was sparkling, his humor charming. With children he was adoring and adored. As a young man he was very handsome; in height a little above the medium, slender, and very active. His features were regular, and somewhat aquiline; he was very dark, with dark brown hair and mustache, deep gray eyes, and brilliant and perfect teeth. For many years he was the head of the family, and their idol and pride. His summons came suddenly. He was seventy-five when the stab of angina pectoris laid him low, but was still active, and seemed scarcely sixty. In the midst of his career, with intellect undimmed, and usefulness unimpaired, he went down like a gallant ship with all its colors flying.

Edmund T. D. Myers married in 1856 Fannie Colquhoun Trigg, the young and beautiful daughter of Lilburn Trigg and Barbara Colquhoun. They were married for forty-three years, when she died, leaving two sons and a

daughter. The eldest son, Lilburn Trigg Myers, the present head of the family, is unmarried. The daughter, Lizzie Kennon Myers, married in January, 1888, William C. Preston, of Lexington, Va., a young gentleman of sterling worth, who became a prominent lawyer in Richmond, and who died in the prime of life, leaving his widow with four young children, two daughters and two sons, Elizabeth Randolph Preston, Caroline Myers Preston, Thoman Lewis Preston, and Edmund Myers Preston. The youngest living child of E. T. D. Myers is E. T. D. Myers, Jr., who married Miss Grace Adams, of Maryland. They have two children, Frances Colquhoun Myers, now Mrs. McDonald Wellford, and Anne Hays Myers.

Caroline Myers, the writer of this Memoir, daughter of Samuel Hays Myers and Eliza Kennon Myers, and sister of E. T. D. Myers, was born on December 5, 1844. Her father died before she was five years old, and her mother when she was sixteen, having lived long enough to give her the priceless heritage of her instruction and example. She married December 6, 1865, when twenty-one years old, Edward Cohen, of Baltimore, twenty-eight years old, member of a distinguished family of that place, who settled in Richmond at the close of the war, in which he had served the Confederacy. He became a much-valued citizen, helped to found the City Bank of Richmond, of which he was for many years President, and died January 18, 1868, leaving no children.

PART THREE.

Moses Mordecai was born at Bonn, in Germany, in the year 1707. He was, to quote from the family register, a man of strict integrity, by profession a broker. He married in England Elizabeth Whitlock, who, adopting the name of Esther, had previously become a convert to the Jewish faith, which she adhered to in the strictest manner. They

removed to America, to the city of Philadelphia, where three sons were born to them; the eldest, Jacob, the ancestor of our present family, was born April 11, 1762, and by the time he was old enough to take an interest in public matters the oppressive acts of George III's government were filling all minds with apprehension. In 1774, being then twelve years old, Jacob was sent to a large school kept by Captain Joseph Stiles, in Philadelphia, who also taught a class of young men mathematics and the science of navigation, "Captain Stiles" -- I quote from my grandfather's own narrative, arranged for his grandson many years later -- "had been an officer in the British Navy, and he preserved in his school a very rigid discipline, such as in these days would be considered very severe, yet he seldom had occasion to use the rod or ferrule, though both made a conspicuous figure at his side. His assistant was an old comrade * * * this gentleman, Captain Stiles, was very early in the Revolution appointed commissary of military stores. I knew him many years after I attained the age of manhood. The account I have given to you of him is at this distant day a sort of tribute to the memory of one I have always respected, and whose mortal remains have long mouldered to dust and ashes. From this school I was removed by my father to the office of his friend, David Franks, Esquire, who early in the war was appointed commissary for British prisoners. This gentleman was the father of the celebrated Miss Franks * * * who became a conspicuous lady of her day. 1774 brought to a crisis the long-pending threats of the British government for raising revenue by unlawful means from the American Colonies. * * * After the early troubles at Boston and Salem and the addresses to the King, the people throughout the towns and country formed military associations. Their uniform generally was a hunting shirt, dyed as fancy painted, and the youths in schools and colleges in Philadelphia formed themselves into companies distinguished by

different colors, armed with guns, and trained in military exercises. That to which I belonged was clothed in dark jeans faced with white. Others wore nankeen, faced with white, blue or green. These companies were all collected, and in the year of the rifle or frock men, marched to Frankfort, about five miles from Philadelphia, for the purpose of escorting the delegates to town. They were on horseback, two and two, and with their military escort formed a long procession. The road was lined with people, and resounded with huzzas, drums, etc., and exhibited a lively scene. They were escorted to the State House, where we were dismissed, covered with dust, and crowned with oak bushes, felt ourselves a most invincible body, capable of resisting the whole British Army. The gentleman with whom I was last at school then held a military appointment and took great pains in organizing our company. We were commanded by a lad named Clarkson, I in the humble office of sergeant, had thus the honor of escorting into Philadelphia the first American Congress. This was in the month of September, 1774. About this time the Tories began to manifest in words their dissatisfaction with public measures, and an example was made of a conspicuous character, Dr. John Knowsley, a physician of eminence. The mob rode him on a pole through some of the principal streets, and he soon after disappeared from the public scene. Another person ridiculed a company of militia when on parade; he was compelled to apologize on his knees and was then dismissed. He was an old man, acquainted with my father, in whose house he took shelter from the mob that followed. They demanded his person, which my father refused to surrender. The exasperated multitude attacked the house with stones and missiles, and demolished every pane of glass in the front of the building. Just as the mob was disappearing and a guard placed to protect any further attempt on the poor man's person, I returned from parade, and was much mortified to think that the house of a good Whig

should thus be attacked for protecting a man who had been dismissed without injury by those whom he had offended. After dark the poor man escaped to his own house, where he secreted himself until his offense was forgiven. These are the only acts of violence that I recollect, and it is greatly to the credit of Americans that few acts, and none of a sanguinary nature, were recorded of personal violence being committed by the ruling party on those denominated Tories at the early commencement of the Revolution * * * When St. John was captured by Montgomery, among the British captives was Lieutenant André, afterwards known as the unfortunate Major André ! The garrisons were sent to Philadelphia, where I frequently had the opportunity of seeing the young Lieutenant * * * My impression is that he was thin, and for an Englishman, of dark complexion. But for the misfortunes that afterwards attended him this notice might seem unnecessary. He took a miniature likeness at that time of the celebrated Miss Franks, and presented it to her, accompanied by a few beautiful lines of poetry. It was at the house of this lady's father, David Franks, that I saw him while he was a paroled prisoner."

The next in date among the old documents finds my grandfather living in Warrenton, North Carolina. He had married, when only twenty-three years old, Judith Myers, daughter of Myer Myers, of New York, a lovely and most lovable woman of his own faith; and with her, after several migrations, had at last settled in Warrenton, a small town in North Carolina. This place was destined to be the home of the family for some twenty-five years, and there his calling was at first that of a country merchant, which included at that time a more or less extensive trade in tobacco, cotton, and the cereals, as well as the greater variety of the country store of the present day. Judith Mordecai, always delicate, and with a fast-increasing family, succumbed after the death of the seventh child, which had never breathed, leaving her husband in deep distress. Their

union had lasted about twelve years. The eldest child, Moses, was only eleven years old at the time; and the youngest, Caroline, a baby of two. The latter was placed with her mother's sister, Mrs. Richea Marx, living in Richmond. There had always existed a devoted attachment between Judith Mordecai and her brother Samuel Myers, who had recently lost his wife; and the two eldest girls, Rachel and Ellen, children of about six and seven years, were taken by their uncle, at their dying mother's request, to relieve their father's burden. Samuel Myers married again soon after his sister's death, Judith Hays, of Boston, and settled in Richmond, and the little girls were kindly cared for for about two years, when, their father having married a second time, they were brought back to Warrenton.

While little Rachel and Ellen lived at their uncle's house they used to visit their father's mother, the Esther Whitlock before mentioned, who had embraced Judaism, and who, not content with one husband of the Jewish faith, had, after the death of Mr. Mordecai, married Mr. Jacob Cohen, great-uncle of the present Mr. Mendes Cohen, of Baltimore, and the couple were living in a pleasant white cottage which stood at the corner of Governor and Broad Streets, on the lot afterwards owned by Mr. Jaquelin Taylor and the Richardson family. I have often been told by my dear Aunt Ellen Mordecai of these delightful visits to her grandmother, and of how kind she was to the little girls. When their father married again the children were taken back to Warrenton to the kind care of their mother's sister, Rebecca, now become their stepmother, whose task was surely no sinecure. Rachel, the eldest girl, and Caroline, the youngest, seem to have always been tractable, as well as studious and sensible; but Ellen was as a child pleasure-loving and wilful. However, she was only a young girl when she began to lend a helping hand, and as her character developed it became singularly self-sacrificing. She was too conscientious, too unswerving in pursuance of her

own ideas of duty, too Spartan-like in her standards for others; although full of tenderness, she was rigorous to an extreme in the details of her life. She never married. Her devotion to all her brothers and sisters was deep, but her love for her "Brother Sol," two years her junior, beginning in early childhood, became the absorbing passion of her life; and after he settled as a physician in Mobile, and soon after married, her heart was sorrowfully fixed upon this beloved object, so far removed from her by distance, and more especially by his family ties. She paid many visits to him and their sister Caroline, Mrs. Plunkett, who lived in Mobile during almost all the long years of her widowhood; but she was actually happier after his death in 1869, than she had been during the forty-five years of his married life, for she felt nearer to him. My dear Aunt Ellen lived to extreme old age, dying in the autumn of 1884, within a few weeks of ninety-four years, in full possession of her mental faculties and of her hearing and eyesight. Her sister Rachel had died in 1838, a convert on her deathbed to Christianity, to which she had leaned for some years, and later her daughters followed her example. Ellen, also, at this time abandoned the old faith, which had never been a "faith" for her; and there were several other defections in the family of Mr. Mordecai within a few years after his death.

To return to the earlier time, it was perhaps natural that Rebecca Myers, the younger half-sister of his first wife, should be my grandfather's choice in providing a mother for his children, and she an amiable and dutiful young woman, took charge of her little nephews and nieces with tenderness and devotion. This was no easy task with those clever, headstrong boys and girls, now become her step-children; but that she finally secured their affection my own childish testimony late in her life can prove; and a letter from her step-son Samuel to his brother Alfred, written

after her death, October, 1863, shows the estimation in which which she was held. To quote:

" A few minutes before seven this evening our dear and good father breathed his last. We may truly say that all the virtues that contribute to a spotless character combined in her. A better nor a purer spirit never breathed."

Caroline, like her two sisters, had begun, as soon as she was old enough, to teach in her father's school. One of the teachers, Mr. Achille Plunkett, a native of France, refugee from San Domingo, fell in love with her and they were deeply attached to one another, but her father disapproved on account of the disparity in age and difference of religion, Mr. Plunkett professing the Roman Catholic faith. The lovers were very unhappy for six long years, when the father yielded to the manly and touching representations made by Mr. Plunkett and the dejection of the daughter. They were married in 1820, and had three sons, and for a few years were ideally happy, when death invaded their household, swept away two children, almost at a blow; and about two years after the third child and the husband were taken. The poor, stricken wife and mother then went to Mobile, Alabama, to live, to be near her brother Solomon, who had settled there in the practice of medicine, and for many years supported herself by keeping a school. She was a woman of fine mind and elegant accomplishments, and of gentle and lovely nature; but her misfortunes and her lonely life, and imperfect health, fostered a predisposition to morbidness. She vacillated in religion, finally becoming a Unitarian. A few years before the war she freed her three slaves, consisting of her confidential maid with her son and daughter, and sent them to Providence, R. I., to live, making, as she thought, ample provision for their support. When the war

broke out she began to worry over the impossibility of getting money to them and fancied them starving. She broke up her home in Mobile, and went to her step-mother's house in Richmond to live, as she had been begged to do by all the family; but her health gave way under the strain, her mind became filled with morbid fancies, and her well come release came the following year, at the asylum in Raleigh, N. C., in 1862, while the war was at its height.

It was in 1810, that my grandfather decided on a new vocation. Commercial life did not greatly interest him. Always studious, and devoted to literary, and especially to Biblical, research, he must have soon felt that in spite of his early imperfect education, the work in life for him must be intellectual, and the most available field that in which he might impart to others his hard-earned knowledge. Reverses in fortune made it necessary to give up his business, and not deterred by the disadvantages he labored under on account of his race (his own being the only Jewish family in the place, and indeed within a large circuit), he established in Warrenton a non-sectarian boarding school for girls, which had in a few years grown in fame and consequence, numbering over eighty pupils, and with a staff of teachers so remarkable in that time and place as to deserve notice. My grandfather, Jacob Mordecai, was principal. His third son, Solomon, after a few years preparation with Mr. George, a noted teacher of that day, at sixteen took the place of first assistant. Rachel, now nearly twenty years old, was at the head of some of the most important classes, and was in fact general directress, assisted, as they became old enough, by her sisters Ellen and Caroline. Mr. Achille Plunkett and his son, refugees from San Domingo, men of elegant cultivation, were teachers of French and music. Mr. La Taste, also, I believe, from San Domingo, and Mr. Miller, perhaps from England, the tradition of whose

accomplishments and fascinations still linger in the town, were at different times, drawing, music, and dancing masters. The system of teaching was at all times thorough, so far as it went; and in moral and practical training accorded with the Edgeworthian ideas, then in vogue. There was no dogma taught, each pupil attending the church preferred by her parents, but a strict code of morality was enforced, and the standard was the highest. There were few text-books to be had in those early days of our Commonwealth, and my grandfather and his sons arranged valuable compendiums of geography and mythology from such ponderous works as "Brooke's Gazetteer," Coakley's "Grammar of Geography," and "Tecke's Pantheon." The use of maps was insisted on, and the study of these with what were called "Principal Place Books," turned out many accurate geographical scholars. These last-named books described everything of importance connected with their subjects, whether geographical, historical or legendary. History was taught as usual at the time, Goldsmith's "England" and "Greece" among the rest. Murray's "Grammar," Blair's "Rhetoric," and other books now obsolete, were conned by rote. Embroidery and plain sewing were carefully taught, and no doubt many a tear was shed over neat "hemming" and "felling" of underclothing. As a proof of the remarkable extent of instruction of this admirable school, I quote from the notes of my uncle, Major Alfred Mordecai, who was for several years taught with the girls:

"The principal instructors in this large school were my brother Solomon and oldest sister Rachel. My younger brothers and sisters and myself had no instructors, except in French, out of our own family, yet at the age of fifteen I was well versed in the English language and literature, in geography, history and arithmetic, knew something of geometry and trigo-

nometry, and had completed a great part of the college course of Latin and Greek, having read in the latter language the whole of the Iliad. I could read French fluently and wrote it pretty well."

I

I now quote from the memoir of Rachel, the eldest daughter, written from 1817 to 1821, about ten years after the events she records:

"While my time thus passed gaily and thoughtlessly away a severe blow, which had been, without my suspecting it, for some time impending, struck at the root of our ease and comfort. Some tobacco speculations into which my dear father had been induced to enter, more largely perhaps than prudence would have warranted, terminated unfortunately, and he found himself a ruined man! Everything was immediately given up to the creditors, and with a wife and ten children, he was reduced from easy competence to absolute poverty. I never think, without admiration, of the fortitude evinced by my revered parent under this trial. Every privation was borne with patient firmness, and his thoughts turned at once to seeking some means for the support of his family. With this view he undertook to fill the place of steward at the Hale Academy in Warrenton, obtaining a house, rent free, and boarding the students. Our removal from the pleasant abode where some of my happiest years had been passed, in which I recollected to have received the kind instruction of a tender mother, and where she had breathed her last, gave rise to emotions of the most painful nature, and it required all our resolution to support the change. Many circumstances rendered our occupation equally unpleasant and humiliating, and as ill fortune would have it, the number of students was not sufficiently large to offer any equivalent for the sacrifice.

How often did I wish that I had been a son, that, like my brothers, I might at least relieve him" (her father) "by doing something for my own support."

"A proposal was made to my father by several gentlemen of influence and standing to establish a boarding school for young ladies, in instructing whom he might be assisted by his family. After some deliberation he decided on making the attempt, and with timid, anxious joy I found my ardent wishes on the point of being gratified. Timid and anxious I had full reason to be, conscious as I was of my own deficiencies, as to regular education; add to this, I was just turned of twenty, and looking even more youthful than I was really, the fear naturally presented itself that I should be unable to command the respect my station would require. Still I shrunk not, resolved that zeal at least should not be wanting, and that I would do my very best. In order to qualify myself, as far as possible, I devoted to study all the leisure hours that our domestic arrangements allowed me. In this I was assisted by my brother Solomon, then a student at the Academy, and who though four years younger than myself, was very capable of improving me. Amiable in youth and in manhood, he took delight in bestowing the time allotted for recreation to impart to his sisters the lessons he had been receiving; under his direction we now acquired a competent knowledge of geography, and the use of the globes, and I, with the strongest motives to sustain me to exertion, found nothing too difficult to be attempted for the acquisition of knowledge.

The first of January, 1810, found us ready to commence our new avocation. My father had rented the house where we formerly resided; the store was fitted up as schoolroom, and Mr. Miller who had offered in a very friendly manner, to adventure with us, and fill the musical department, assisted us generally by his experience in forming various little rules and regulations for governing the conduct and manners of the young ladies.

* * * * *

In regulating the deportment of our pupils quite as many difficulties as I had foreseen presented themselves. I had, however, fixed it as a sort of principle as my age and character could not be expected to

inspire that respect which is necessary for proper subordination, I would seek to substitute for it a desire of pleasing, which could be obly obtained by implanting love in the place of fear. By being kind as well as just, by entering into the little pleasures, and sympathizing with the little troubles of children, we soon obtain their confidence and affection. Such were the means which in this case common sense suggested, and I found them almost invariably attended with more than a partial success.

For the first six months my dear father and myself shared these labors between us. Mama. *** found more than sufficient occupation in domestic arrangements; Ellen, full of life and volatality, had not yet learned the necessity of confining her attention where nothing agreeable called for it, and Caroline was a pupil of the school.

June was the period appointed for the examination of our young charges, and we looked forward to it with the greatest anxiety. Though conscious of having to the utmost fulfilled our duty, we were still doubtful of success. It was now to be proved, and when it is considered that the maintenance of a large family depended on the decision of the public, this anxiety is no longer to be wondered at. The time came, and was marked by a degree of success far exceeding our most sanguine expectations. We received the thanks of parents, and encomiums were poured in from every side. I actually wept for joy, and prepared for the renewal of our labors with renovated zeal and alacrity. An increase of pupils now required more assistants, and my dear brother Solomon, when a youth of fifteen, was called on to exchange his studies at the Academy for the station of instructor in the schoolroom. I very much regretted this step. It seemed to me too great a sacrifice that a youth of the brightest promise should be thus checked in the career of improvement, and doomed to pass some of his most valuable years in an occupation from which he would derive little knowledge. But our dear father thought it necessary, and Solomon declared that a

would be a comfort to him to devote his time to the benefit and relief of the family. His assistance proved indeed all important. To full capacity for every branch of study, he added an amiable mildness and moderation, which I never think of without admiration. To me, though some years his senior, he was at once a support and an example. We were ever perfectly united, and in every trouble and difficulty aided each other. Our father, thus assisted, took pleasure in his occupation, and disliking the details of business, entrusted to my brother the care of accounts, receipts and disbursements, and found in him an excellent substitute, capable of conducting affairs with the utmost correctness and regularity. x x x

Our habitation was now too small x x x and my father purchased a lot with an unfinished building on it, x x x and prepared to make such alterations and additions as were required. x x x About August 1, 1810, we removed with gladness to our new abode. x x x The celebrity of our Seminary now began to increase, and the summer session commenced with so large a number of pupils that my father found it necessary to advertise (as he had invariably occasion to do, in some part of every session during the eight following years) that the number was complete, and no more could be received. I have always thought that to this practice, and the principle which gave rise to it, we were in great measure indebted to our constant success. The proof that we would not, from motives of interest, hazard the ability to pay proper attention to every pupil entrusted to our care, impressed parents with confidence, while it enabled us at the same time to act with a degree of independence which we could not otherwise dare exercise. Our labors were at this time incessant; our plans not having been sufficiently sanctioned by experience to be formed with that regular system which in succeeding years rendered our daily avocations less oppressive. The school day from the rising to the setting of the sun, was devoted to instruction, and the evening, often until eleven o'clock, were employed by my brother and myself in necessary arrangements for the

ensuing day. All this fatigue we bore with cheerfulness, and buoyed by youthful enthusiasm, we even found pleasure in the task."

The Principal, distrusting his own attainments, frequently spent the evening in preparing himself for the classes of the following day, and all went well until the third year of the school, while the workmen were still busy upon the unfinished house there befell a catastrophe !

To encourage the girls to go to bed early, the candlesticks were always removed at a certain hour. One of the girls, wishing to complete some sewing, adjusted a candle on top of the wainscote. She fell asleep, the candle burned down, and the house caught a fire. Alarm was given in time to prevent loss of life, but the building with much that it contained was destroyed. The eighty girls were distributed among the neighbors for the night, and my grandfather going anxiously from house to house, had the immense relief to find all his charges safe and sound. Another house was rented immediately, and the routine of the school continued as if nothing had happened ! In the ten years devoted to this work many hundred young girls were educated. My grandfather had charge of the house-keeping department, and was a great favorite with the girls. I can remember, fifty years later, visits paid her by some of the "girls" now in some cases the wives or widows of distinguished men. Once scene strongly impressed my childish mind. Mrs. John Y. Mason, formerly Miss Fort, who was shortly to sail for France with her husband, then Ambassador to that country, came to say farewell to my grandmother. They were at the time next-door neighbors in Richmond. Mrs. Mason was moved to tears, and kneeling down begged for a blessing. Mrs. Mordecai was then a silver-haired widow, worn and aged, and I remember well the solemn and touching way in which she laid her trembling hands upon the lady's head and pronounced the priestly benediction of our race:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious ~~unto~~ thee; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace ! "

To return to the Warrenton days. Year by year another child was born until there were seven little brothers and sisters in charge of the indefatigable elder band. The amount of work accomplished by the women of the family during those ten years of the Warrenton school seems well-nigh incredible. Not only did they teach the classes, but the three sisters undertook the entire care of their small half-sisters as well as their education. Rachel, whose important position in the school gave her most to do, took charge of my mother at four years of age, and taught her French and music as well as the usual English branches as she grew older. A diary kept for a few years, entirely devoted to anecdotes of my mother's childhood, attests the unremitting care bestowed upon her, and the delight the elder sister felt in the task. My mother was one of the most highly endowed women I have ever known, and she had no other teacher than this young elder sister. She was too young to be taught in class, and my aunt would snatch the time for her lessons while making her toilet in the morning and before meals. The two younger girls, Emma and Laura, were also taught by their elder sisters, Ellen and Julia, but as they were very young even when the school was finally closed, this was performed more at leisure. Among the elder brothers and sisters there had by this time been many changes. The two elder boys, Moses and Samuel, had ~~never~~ taken part in the school. The first became a lawyer of great distinction in Raleigh, N. C., where he married, first, Miss Margaret Lane, and after her death, her sister, Miss Anne Willis Lane, gentlewomen of excellent family, but not of his father's faith. He made a comfortable fortune, and died at the age of thirty-eight, leaving four children, two boys and two girls,

Henry, Jacob, Ellen, and Margaret, Samuel, after leaving the counting house of his uncle, Samuel Myers, of Richmond, became a commission merchant and cotton broker, first in Petersburg and then in Richmond, and lived unmarried to a ripe old age. He was known as one of the most influential men of the city, with a vein of humor like that of Washington Irving, but of a sadder strain. He wrote a remarkably clever history, called "Richmond in By-Gone Days," which has become a text-book among our local historians.

Solomon, at fifteen, entered upon his duties in his father's school, teaching a large class of girls, some of them older than himself, all of whom respected and obeyed him. After a few years of teaching he studied medicine in Philadelphia, and settled in Mobile, Alabama, where he married Miss Caroline Waller, became a member of the Methodist Church, and died an old man, leaving a large family, lamented by the profession of which he had been an ornament, and by a host of patients who believed that no one could fill his place. There was a peculiar gentleness and refinement about him, and a sweetness of nature that won and enchained all hearts. His oldest son, Edward, was also a fine physician, but died before he reached middle age. He was a strong and interesting personality, and he was said to be the hero of some of Miss Evans' romances. The other sons Wm. Mordecai and Jake served the Confederacy throughout the war, and Waller was killed at Chickamauga.

The Warrenton school was kept up, I believe, for about ten years, when, having achieved a moderate fortune, and beginning to tire of his arduous life, my grandfather purchased a farm near Richmond, Va., and removed to it with his wife and unmarried daughters and his son Augustus. He confided his fortune to a friend, for investment, who rashly placed all on a single venture, and the prosperity of the family went down in the Mississippi, with a shipload of

cotton. His indomitable spirit did not flag, however, and the years passed on the farm were not shadowed in his children's recollection by any repining on the part of their parents. The life was of course frugal, but full of comfort, industry, and intellectual cultivation. Some of his daughters married, and some taught in private families or at home, from time to time, always preserving their independence, always beloved by the families of their pupils, where they formed ties only to be broken by death. I have spoken of the taste for Biblical research in which my grandfather, Jacob Mordecai, indulged. He left many writings, in which he had proved to his own satisfaction the truth of our ancient creed. He was respected as an authority on such matters, and more than one young person came to him to have his faith strengthened or her doubts removed. He occupied for several years the position of President of the Portuguese Synagogue, on Mayo Street, in Richmond, and at his home the dietary and ritual of the Jewish law were always carefully observed, though he himself was more liberal in his habits than the small Jewish community of which his family formed a part. He died before my birth, but my mother made me know his kindness, his genial ways, his energy, his impatience of delay, tempered by amiability. There is a fine portrait of him by Jarvis, which is so lifelike that I am sure I know his face. It is now in the possession of his great-grandson, Samuel F. Mordecai, Dean of the Law School of Trinity College, Durham, N. C. In that portrait, with its finely shaped silvery head, its broad brow, its firm but gentle mouth, clean-shaven, its bright blue eyes, full of intellectual fire, under lids slightly drooped at the outer corners, and bushy, thoughtful eyebrows, I recognize the prototype of some of his descendants.

Of the younger sons of Jacob Mordecai, the eldest, born in 1800, soon after the death of General Washington, and named after him, George Washington Mordecai, settled

with his brother Moses in Raleigh, N. C., and like him became a successful lawyer. He was President of the Raleigh and Gaston R. R., President of the Bank of N.C., and socially prominent, I may say, pre-eminent. He married in middle life Miss Margaret Cameron, a lady of fine family and fortune, became a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, and died several years after the Civil War, leaving no children.

Alfred, the next brother, was a man of elegant culture and remarkable attainments, which were recognized by the highest Government officials, from his brilliant course at West Point, as head of the class of 1823, to his resignation, in 1861. He was as modest as distinguished, being quite overwhelmed by the commendatory remarks made by the examining officer when he entered West Point, who was astonished at the answers given by this home-taught boy of sixteen. He was officer of ordnance and was sent on many important missions by the Government, his knowledge of French bringing him into close communication with crowned heads and distinguished foreigners, his last expedition being with McClellan and Delafield to the Crimea, to study conditions there during the siege of Sebastopol.

He was very handsome, fair, with auburn hair, early turning to silver, and kind and thoughtful blue eyes. The particulars of his distinguished career may be found in Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography.

He married in 1836 Miss Sara Ann Hays, a lady of his own faith, who was descended from Isaac Hays, referred to in the Hays Memorial.

Major Mordecai died in 1887, leaving six children, Laura, Rosa, Alfred, Miriam, Augustus, and Gratz.

Extract from Memoir of Jefferson Davis,

By Mrs. Jefferson Davis .

"Colonel Delafield, Major Mordecai and Captail McClellan were sent as a Military Commission to the Crimea

to study the methods of war adopted there. They were to visit England, France and Russia as well. We invited the general officers of the Army and the ambassadors from these countries to meet the Commission. Generals Scott, Jessup and Totten were present. Colonel Delafield was an alert, soldierly man with much of scientific acquirements, but a curt manner. Major Mordecai was a Hebrew, and one could readily understand, after seeing him, how that race had furnished the highest type of manhood; his mind was versatile, at times even playful, but his habits of thought were of the most serious problems, and so perfectly systematized as to make everything evolved from his fecund mind available for the use of mankind. His moral nature was as well disciplined as his mental, and his private life was of the purest and most admirable; he was an "Israelite without guile."

Jacob Mordecai's youngest son, Augustus, most delightful for his sweetness of character, and racy humor, married in 1835, Miss Rosina Ursula Young, of Virginia, of whom we will speak hereafter. He died in his prime, on his farm, "Rosewood," near Richmond, leaving five children; William Young, John Brooke, George W., Rebecca, and Augusta. Rebecca, an exquisite and most engaging child, died aged seven, soon after her father.

Julia, the eldest daughter of my grandfather's second marriage, was tall and slender, with black curls, and dark gray eyes. She died of a wasting illness, when I was only eight years old, but I can remember her devotion to me, and the rare games we played. She was an intellectual woman, and also famous for her wonderful lace work and embroidery, and indeed for every sort of "Woman's Work." Of a morbid temperament she succumbed to the grief of a bereavement, which brought on physical as well as mental suffering, and died in 1852, having been an invalid for many years.

Major Alfred Mordecai's son, Col. Alfred Mordecai, a graduate of West Point, now retired as Brigadier-General, married first Miss Sally Waynadier, of Washington, D. C., a daughter of General Waynadier; and second, Miss Dora Varney, whose family is also identified with the army. His surviving children are Sara, widow of Col. John David Miley, and Laura, now Mrs. Summerall, wife of Major Charles Summerall, U. S. A. Both have families.

General Mordecai's two sons, Alfred and William, died at the age of sixteen and twenty.

Major Alfred Mordecai's younger son, Augustus and Grace, married, respectively, Miss Margaret Bowman, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. Francis K. Gifford, of Philadelphia, and have no descendants. His daughters have not married.

Wm. Young Mordecai, son of Augustus Mordecai, and Rosina U. Young, spent the greater part of his life, in farming for his mother at "Rosewood." He married Miss Helen Norwood, daughter of Rev. William Norwood, Rector of Emmanuel Church, in that neighborhood, and left several children.

John Brooke Mordecai, his brother, a young lawyer of great promise, the personification of chivalry and honor, was killed in defense of a woman's fair name, in a duel with Mr. Page McCarthy of Richmond.

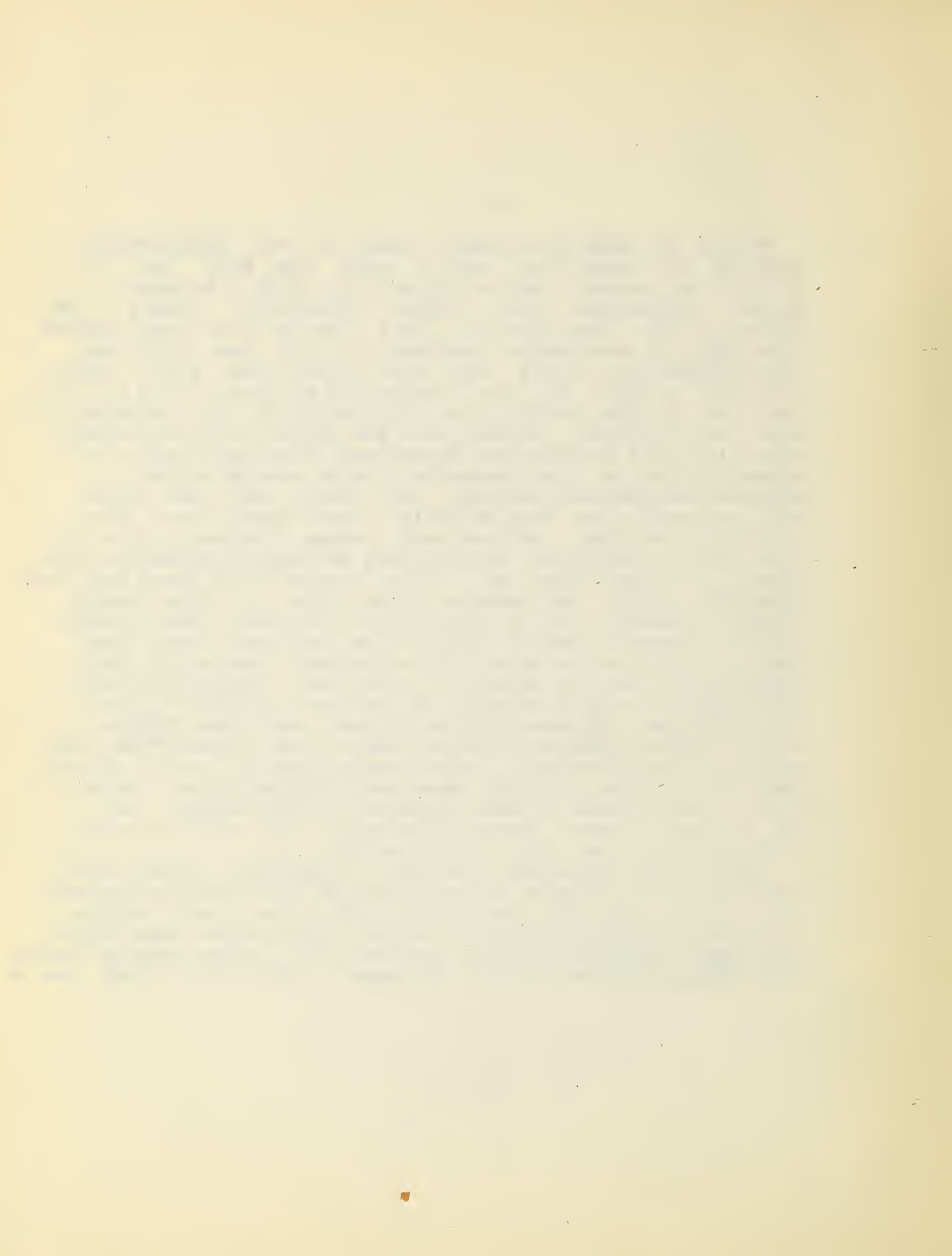
George W., the youngest brother, settled on a ranch in California, where he married Miss Louise Dixon, of Mississippi. They have two sons and two daughters.

Augusta Mordecai, youngest child of Augustus and Rosina, is unmarried.

William Young Mordecai, John Brooke Mordecai and George Washington Mordecai (2d) served throughout the war in the Richmond Howitzers, as non-commissioned officers and privates. The youngest, George, was seventeen when he entered the army, and John left his cherished studies at the University of Virginia to take up arms.

I have alluded on a former page to the Edgeworthian methods of education, and I must now tell of a correspondence which began in 1817 between Maria Edgeworth and Rachel Mordecai, before the marriage of the latter, and which has been handed down through successive members of the two families. Miss Edgeworth's books had been read with great admiration and delight by the family in Warrenton, but at last in one of the novels the character of an Israelite was made contemptible. Rachel felt the unjust slur very deeply. After thinking it over she determined to write a letter of expostulation to Miss Edgeworth, which evoked an admirable response and apology, and from that time forth the writers were fast friends. They never met, but Rachel's brothers, Alfred and George Mordecai were in turn most hospitably entertained at Edgeworthstown, in Ireland, on more than one visit abroad, and there has been pleasant social intercourse from time to time among younger members of the respective families. When Rachel (Mrs. Lazarus) died, in 1838, the correspondence was taken up by her sister, Ellen Mordecai; and after Miss Edgeworth's death it devolved upon Mrs. Edgeworth, her step-mother; and then upon the younger daughters, Harriet and Lucy Edgeworth (Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Robinson.). After Ellen Mordecai's death her sister Emma took up the correspondence, which she continued until a year before her death, in 1906, when nearly ninety-four years old, with a niece of Miss Edgeworth (Mrs. Butler, of 14 Norham Gardens, Oxford, England), who at this writing 1913, is my own correspondent.

Eliza Kennon Mordecai, the next daughter, named after her mother's intimate friend, Mrs. Eliza Kennon, of Warrenton, N. C., was born August 10, 1809, the year before the opening of her father's school in Warrenton; and from the time she was four years old she was taken charge of by her eldest sister, Rachel Mordecai. That this task was a



delightful one to the eldest sister is shown by the diary she kept for the next few years to mark the child's progress. The little one was endowed with an almost perfect disposition, gentle, affectionate, industrious, studious, with a fine mind, poetical temperament, and a passionate love of nature. She was possessed of much musical talent and faculty, and learned to sing and play delightfully. She had a natural gift for languages, which she never ceased to improve; full of fun,, and of an exquisite sense of humor, and very pretty withal, it would be difficult to find a more charming individuality. When her sister, Rachel Mordecai, married .r. Lazarus and went to Wilmington, N. C., to live, she took her little sister Eliza, now about eleven years old, to spend the next few years with her, and very happy years they were, with the pleasant companionship of Mrs. Lazarus' children by his first marriage, in their delightful Southern home. When about fourteen Eliza returned to her father and mother, who were now living at Spring Farm, near Richmond, Va. The next few years were forever hallowed by her memory, for they were full of the glamour of youth and love. Her little sister Laura, whom she had left scarcely more than a baby, was now a very beautiful child of five or six years, fair and golden-haired, and angelic in appearance and disposition, and Eliza, like the rest, loved her with an intense devotion. There was also her sister Emma, whose age was midway between the two, and who was both as child and young girl, the scape-grace of the family, but whose wayward heart clave to her new-found sister. There were also the elder sisters, Ellen and Julia, and their brother Augustus, always charming and full of fun. Frequent visits from the other brothers, who were all settled by this time in different avocations, were made the occasion of all sorts of frolics and of long and beautiful country walks.

The simple house, Spring Farm, long since burned to the ground, was white, with honeysuckle-covered porches, and with what is known at the South as an office where the

young gentlemen sometimes slept there were tall trees and green grass, with sweet wide-open damask roses growing amongst them, and near-by was the pond, a beautiful winding sheet of water, with great gray lichened rocks below the dam. Across the pond was a neighbor's farm, "Westbrook," and from thence came daily a lovely little girl, Rosina Young, to be taught with little Laura by her sister Julia Mordecai, and Rosina's handsome brother, John Young, and Augustus Mordecai were fast friends and playfellows. The young Richmond cousins of the Myers and Marx families, came often to spend the day at "Spring Farm," and soon two of them, Samuel Hays Myers and his brother Henry, began to take a very special interest in their cousin Eliza Mordecai, not yet sixteen years old. Sam was now twenty-six years old and had graduated at Harvard, where he had become much attached to his uncle Judah Hays, of Boston; and Henry had received his diploma as M. D. in Philadelphia, I believe. The latter soon saw that his elder brother was likely to win his fair cousin and made no effort as a rival, though always devoted to my mother. Sam did not realize the extreme youth of his lady-love, who, in spite of her remarkable maturity, was quite overwhelmed when her cousin, eleven years her senior, asked her to marry him; but she did not hesitate for she really loved him. The engagement lasted two years or a little more, and at eighteen, in 1828, the young girl took upon herself the cares of womanhood, in Petersburg, Va., first in the home of her brother, Samuel Mordecai, and her sister, Ellen, and soon after in the little white cottage on Poplar Lawn. My mother's letters from this time give an almost complete picture of her life as bride, and two years later as mother of her only son, Edmund. The little home was simple, but beautifully neat and attractive. There was an excellent woman servant named Betsy, and a clever little boy, my mother's own property, named Moses Vaughan, whom she often speaks of in her

letters as "the man Moses"; and later, when Edmund arrived, a nurse, good Jane Wilcox, was added to the Ménage. The bride, a pretty golden-haired, gray-eyed, slender, graceful girl of eighteen, was visited and fêted by Petersburg society, among which she formed a few intimate and valued friends. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, their near neighbors; Miss Rebecca Watoaca Robertson, Miss Christie Colquhoun (afterwards Mrs. Cleeman, of Philadelphia), and her brother Lodowick; Miss May, later Mrs. Bailey, Miss Caroline Stainback, and Mr. Robert Bolling, are the names that recur to my memory. My father was fond of men's society and was often away from home, but the young wife had many visits from her own and her husband's sisters and brothers, and sometimes from her father and mother. To add to this, her mind was "her kingdom." In spite of most careful housekeeping, and most admirable sewing at all times, she spent much time at her music, both piano and guitar, kept up her French and studied Italian. She was in constant correspondence with her sisters, and her brother Alfred, and with her sister-in-law, Rebecca Hays Myers, to whom she wrote charming letters, which, fortunately for a great part preserved, form a most interesting family history.

The reason for settling in Petersburg was that there seemed to my father to be a good business prospect there with his brother-in-law, Samuel Mordecai, but in this he was disappointed; and after about eight years, in 1836 or 1837, when little Edmund was about six years old and his mother twenty-seven, my father decided to take up again the practice of law in Richmond. About this time my mother had been deeply grieved by the sale of "Spring Farm" and the removal of her father's family to Church Hill, in Richmond; and now her heart was wrung by the breaking up of her little home in Petersburg. It is true that she was devotedly attached to her parents and sisters, with whom she and her husband and little son were to live,

but it seemed to her the death of her old, sweet, independent life, and she never ceased to regret it. However, there was plenty of agreeable intercourse. Emma was now a much admired woman of twenty four, and Laura, the youngest, a wonderfully beautiful and charming girl of eighteen, who had been brought up under the wing of her adoring sister Julia. It was about this time that Rosina Young, now seventeen years old, and very handsome, decided among her many suitors in favor of Augustus Mordecai, who made for her a home near "Spring Farm," and called it for her "Rosewood;" and Rosina thenceforth took her stand among her husband's family as one of their very own, cherished through several generations until her death at the age of eighty seven, at "Rosewood," near Richmond in the spring of 1906.

This little sonnet was written in great dejection on hearing of the sale of "Spring Farm," by my dear mother, Eliza Kennon Myers:

Valley lone seated 'mid the deep green woods,
 How oft my spirit wanders back to thee !
 And hears the murmur of thy waterfall,
 And cheerful note of blackbird on the tree;
 And once more entering that low-roofed house
 I seem to see my father--mother there,
 Sisters, and brothers, and that fairy one
 With the sweet pensive brow and golden hair.
 I sit again in that loved moonlight porch
 And see the palely-blossoming sweetbrier,
 Twining round those rude pillars as 'twas wont
 In days long past,--gone,--gone,
 Alas! my sire! How couldst thou bid farewell to that sweet
 place,
 And turn forever thence thy footsteps and thy face !

Petersburg, November, 1836.

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Meantime, from childhood, John Young had loved Laura Mordecai. She had many suitors, and admiration enough to have turned her head had she been a frivolous character; but added to her beauty and accomplishments she had sound sense and thoughtfulness. She, indeed, had been induced to accept one of these suitors, Mr. Rutson Maury, of New York, a valued friend of the family, but though she respected him highly, she did not love him, and finally, after many misgivings, broke off the engagement, and soon after engaged herself to John Young.

About this time the family was saddened by the long and suffering illness, and finally death, in 1838, of their father, Jacob Mordecai, whose eldest daughter, Mrs. Rachel Lazarus, had died a few weeks previously, at the home of her brother and sister, Sam and Ellen, in Petersburg, while on her way to visit her dying father in Richmond; so the shades were already closing around my mother in her new home. Then came a singular and awful tragedy. On July 4, 1839, Laura, a few weeks before the time set for her marriage, was found dead in her bedroom! In after years the story was told by my dear Aunt Rosina, Laura's most intimate friend from early childhood, and now her sister-in-law, and by other friends; neither my mother nor my aunts, Emma and Ellen, could bear to speak of it; and their poor sister Julia had died a few years after Laura, from disease brought on by the shock. I still have a letter written by my mother to the authoress, Miss Maria Edgeworth, in Ireland, a valued friend of the family, while the excitement of the event gave her strength to describe it. Its cause will always remain a mystery. On the third of July Laura had taken a long walk to do some of her brial shopping, and had been invited by her friends, Anne and Francis Giles, daughters of Governor Giles, to come next day to the Governor's house to see the parade. Rosina, with her baby boy, Willie, had come to town on a visit, and that evening a gay company had met in the parlor in my

grandmother's house on Church Hill. Laura had been in fine spirits, had looked more lovely even than usual, and had sung more divinely. The next morning early my mother before dressing went to her room and got into bed with her, Julia, the other occupant of the room, having gone about her housekeeping. Ellen and Laura chatted gaily, and one of them proposed to sing patriotic songs in honor of the day. They sent for a music book and were, I think, in the midst of the Marseillaise, when Julia, passing through the room, called out: "You had better get up and dress, you lazy things." Thereupon, my mother went to her own room, my father having already gone down to read the paper on the back porch. Suddenly he thought he heard a fall, and a little negro servant dispatched to learn the cause, came running back terrified, to say that Miss Laura was lying on the floor and would not speak to her. My father rushed up stairs, caught one fleeting glance, and then all was over! The news spread instantly, and consternation reigned in Richmond. Physicians used their skill, to no avail. Anne and Francis Giles sat for hours watching over the lovely form of their friend, so still, so life-like, they could scarce believe her dead, but life was nevermore restored. "She was gone, and forever." Her young lover's grief was heartrending, and I do not believe that the old, happy times ever came back to my mother and her sisters. Five years later, in 1844, I was born, a pretty and interesting child, I have been told, and no doubt a solace, in a way; but my father died in 1849, after years of suffering from gout, and my mother's life henceforth was full of heavy care. In the twelve years she was yet to bear her burden she had the comfort of her son, Edmund, nineteen years old at the time of his father's death, when, her income being very limited, she remained with her mother and sisters and her brother, Samuel Mordecai, who now joined the family in Richmond. My mother made up for the small amount she could contribute to the household by

her admirable management of its resources. When I consider the large expenditure of the present day, I am amazed at all she achieved. Her husband's family were wealthy, and devoted to her, and would gladly have supplied her liberally with funds; but her spirit was absolutely independent and she scorned to accept money. They did all they could in loading me with presents, but whatever they did for her had to sub rosa. Three hundred dollars per annum was her income, after deducting for her board and mine. Out of this she clothed herself and me, and paid traveling expenses and doctor's bills, and all the rest. She taught me admirably until I was thirteen years old, but from then until her death, three years after, she sent me to a large private school and had me taught music and drawing and French, as well as the English branches, and I found myself, from her preparation, much better advanced than the other girls of my age. In the early summer of 1861, after the battle of Fort Sumter, at the breaking out of the war, her brother, Alfred, who had been in happier years her most intimate and beloved brother, announced his intention of remaining at the North, although he had resigned from the United States Army. This decision was her death blow; it was almost the last straw in the misfortunes of her life. During that terrible summer the care of her poor sister, Caroline Plunkett, now in a deep melancholy, devolved upon her; the house was filled with typhoid-stricken and wounded soldiers, whom she nursed. At last, early in November the cord stretched beyond endurance, snapped, and she died, in her fifty-fourth year.

And now let me tell of my Aunt Emma, with whom I was most intimately associated until her death, many years after my mother. When my mother died I was not quite seventeen years old. The family then consisted of my grandmother, Mrs. Mordecai, Uncle Sam, Aunt Ellen and Aunt Emma, and it was the latter who became my intimate friend.

She was then about fifty, but her quick sympathies and almost youthful character made her a delightful companion to me. My poor dear grandmother was blind and crippled by this time, and Aunt Ellen was absorbed in many affairs and was much occupied in nursing the soldiers in the hospitals and in making clothes for them; but Aunt Emma, though keeping house and devoting herself to her mother, found time for the motherless girl and her youthful interests. A year later my grandmother died, and the family circle dissolved, each member going to live in a different household; but Aunt Emma's devotion to me, and mine to her, continued through the forty-four years she was still to live. Hers was a most striking personality; she was generous to a fault, headstrong and perverse, but with the noblest impulses; careless in religious observances in her youth, like the rest of the family, she became deeply pious and upheld the banner of Judaism with heart and soul. Sturdily independent, she supported herself for many years after the war by teaching in various Southern cities, sometimes in schools, sometimes in private families, always winning love and admiration, in whatsoever environment. Her impetuous temperament led her into many difficulties as a young woman, and she was repeatedly full of self-reproach over broken betrothals which she could not bring herself to fulfill. Perhaps it was better that she did not marry; with her disposition she would probably have repented when it was too late. All this was past when I first remember her, but she transferred her interests to mine, and those of the other young people, male and female, who loved her. Like the rest of the family, Mordecai and Myers, she had a great deal of humor; many of her witty sayings are still quoted with delight. But like all the Mordecais, she had a morbid capacity for suffering, from which the Myers cousins were almost entirely exempt. With her passed away the last of her generation, and she had survived many members of the succeeding one.

The children of Moses Mordecai, of Raleigh, N. C., by his first marriage, were, as we have said, Henry, Ellen, and Jacob; and by the second, Margaret Mordecai, a posthumous child. The children inherited ample fortunes and estates from their mother's family, the Lanes, as well as from their father, and were brought up to the easy and spacious life of the Southern planter. Henry married Miss Martha Hinton, of North Carolina, a very young and extremely pretty and lively girl, and had four children: Margaret Lane Mordecai, now Mrs. William Little; Martha (or Patty) Mordecai, and Mary Willis Mordecai, now Mrs. William Turk, and a son, Moses, who died when very young. Henry Mordecai and his brother Jacob, who died unmarried, inherited their father's wit and humor, and their country-places were the scene of much profuse and convivial hospitality. Ellen Mordecai married her cousin, Samuel Fox Mordecai, of Mobile, son of Dr. Solomon Mordecai, who dying in a few years left her with a little girl, Margaret Lane Mordecai, now Mrs. T. C. Morel, of Savannah, and a posthumous son, Samuel Fox Mordecai, Jr., now dean of the law school of Trinity College, Durham, N. C. Mrs. Ellen Mordecai is at this date, 1915, nearly ninety-three years old, and although quite blind, and with hearing much impaired, has preserved her mental faculties intact. She is delightful in conversation, and writes most admirable letters, employing one of her youngest grandchildren as her amanuensis. She sometimes amuses herself by dictating her letters in French. Her memory is perfect, and I have had the great benefit, during a recent visit to her, of sumbitting many of the facts of this memoir to her, and having my own deductions corroborated. She was especially devoted to my mother, Mrs. Eliza Vennon Myers, and loves to tell of happy childish days spent with her, "Aunt Eliza" at the sweet little home on "Poplar Lawn," Petersburg, where Ellen and her sister Margaret visited her. One Christmas day has been

specifically remembered by them, when the young housekeeper allowed her servants a complete holiday, and her husband being absent, and the weather genial, spent the day with the little girls reambling in the country. The affection continued through life, and became to a certain extent intimacy.

Margaret Lane Mordecai, the youngest child of Moses Mordecai, married, at seventeen, Mr. John Devereux, of Raleigh, N. C., who was just twenty-one. They had lived on neighboring plantations and were intimate from childhood. This was an ideal marriage, and the worship of his beautiful and charming wife lasted until the death of the husband, when they had been grandparents for many years. The end of the war left them ruined in fortune, but with brave hearts they and their children and grandchildren accepted the inevitable. Mrs. Devereux died three years ago, leaving all but one of her family of eight children to mourn her, and in April, 1912, her eldest born, Annie Lane Devereux, of brilliant intellect and exalted character, passed away.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Devereux were Annie Lane, Thomas Pollock, Catherine Johnston (now Mrs. Joseph Mackay), Ellen Mordecai (now Mrs. John Hinsdale), Margaret or Meta Mordecai (now Mrs. Samuel Ashe), John, now living in Oklahoma, Laura, who died, unmarried, before her mother, and Mary Livingston, now Mrs. Arthus Winslow of Boston, Mass. Mrs. Devereux lived to be loved and cherished by many grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, whose chronicles may, I hope, be continued by members of their family. Her beautiful and gracious personality can never be forgotten by those who were privileged to know her. She had reigned a queen in her lovely country place, "Wills Forest," near Raleigh, N. C., and when the ruin of her fortunes came with the disastrous termination of the war in 1865, she still reigned in her simple home in the town, like a queen in exile. Her eldest son, Thos. Pollock Devereux was a cadet at the

Virginia Military Institute, when the war broke out. He entered the Confederate army as an aid, at sixteen years of age, and served throughout the war.

I believe it was in 1819, when Rachel Mordecai left her father's home, on her marriage with Mr. Lazarus, of Wilmington, N. C., and took upon herself cares scarcely less arduous than those she had left. Her husband had seven children, to whom she became a true mother, and soon herself increased this family by four of her own, a boy, Marx Edgeworth, and three girls, Ellen, Mary, and Julia, and my mother, a child of nine, lived with her until her fifteenth year. Mr. and Mrs. Lazarus were great favorites in Wilmington society, and their beautiful home was very popular. She was a woman of superior mind and noble character, and was held in affectionate reverence by her children, as she had been by her sisters and brothers. Her son, Marx, studied medicine, but soon abandoned allopathy and adopted homeopathy. He was highly intellectual, but unfortunately eccentric, wasted money and energy on unpractical or premature ventures, published several scientific and socialistic books, served the Confederacy as private soldier, and after a wandering and adventurous life, spent many years almost like a hermit, at a remote country place in Georgia, where he died in 1895. Ellen married first Mr. John Allen, of Terre Haute, Indiana, and made her home in the West and North, where she married again, Mr. Shutt, an Englishman; and after struggling for years, to educate a large family, was rewarded by their care and devotion. Her fine mind and energy of character enabled her to overcome the great privations and misfortunes of many years of her life, and she is now, in 1913, at the age of eighty-seven, in serene enjoyment of her old age. Her sister Mary was lovely in face and in character, gentle, refined, and greatly beloved by her family, far and near.

She married against their advice when twenty-two years old, most unhappily, Mr. Drury Thompson, of Mobile, Ala., a man of coarse nature and vicious habits, and died thankfully, within a few months of her marriage. Her sister Julia died in 1873, at the house of her cousin, Mr. Charles Moise, of South Carolina. She had a sweet disposition, but was, like her brother, too advanced in her opinions as she grew up, to make her home with orthodox members of her grandmother's family.

In all the family connection in Virginia and farther South there was among the men no shirking of their duty at the call of their States, and the women bore as noble a part in caring for the sick and wounded, sewing for the soldiers, and superintending the work of the farms and plantations in the absence of the Masters.

While the long residence and marriage throughout the family branches had tended to make the Southern element larger than the Northern in the century and a half that had elapsed since the beginning of this record, it is noticeable that among the warmest friends of the Confederacy may be numbered our Grandmother Rebecca, born in Connecticut in the tumultuous early days of the American Revolution, and eighty four years old at the beginning of the war between the States, in 1861, on year of which she lived to experience, whose gentle spirit was fired with indignation against the new oppression. I remember her quoting with gusto, after a Confederate victory:

"Now is the Winter of our discontent
Made Glorious Summer by these Sons of York."

And now I have said my say, and must leave this record for younger interests to deal with.

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